

THE
Jesuites last Farewell,
OR THE
Romish Priests
GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT;

Being forc'd to leave
ENGLAND.

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With their Invitation to the rest of their Brethren to bear them Company: And Excellent Advice to their Lay-Children that stay behind.

*Sic nos spes lucri, sic
Dulcia Linquimus arva.*

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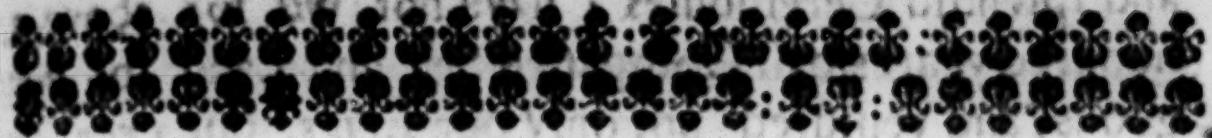
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The Jesuites Lamentation or the Romish Priests
Grievous Complaint, being forced to take their
Leaves of England.

Alas ! Alas ! How is our Infallible holy Mother Church continually mistaken, her promising hopes from time to time Blasted, and all her pious projects frustrated ; so warily, and deep our designs have been laid, and so vigorously prosecuted, that it seemes impossible for humane industry to prevent them, had Heaven but stood Neuter, confident we are, we had long ere this befoold the dull Hereticks, and now been procliting them with our irrefragable arguments of Fire and Faggot, but on the contrary, that our selves should fall under the lash, and forc'd all on a sudden to be packing out of the Nation, that we must forsake those good natured Country Gentlemen of the Red Letter, who have allmost Beggard their Children to Pamper us, and bid adieu to thole most obliging devout Ladies, who often have hid us in their own Beds, to avoid the search of the Pursivant; this is indeed matter of unspeakable Lamentation; no grief being so pungent as the sence of being disappointed in a confidene telicity ; ungrateful Nation ! was it not our predecessor, Romes primitive Apostle, the famous Monk Austin, that first converted

your Catholicism ; and adorned your Simple ragged Christianity with the gaudy robes of gainful Traditions and splendid Ceremonies ; have not we for above an hundred yeares past Compassed Sea and Land for your goods, and ventured not only our Lives, but even our Consciences and Souls to boot, to bring you back into the Pale of that Church, out of which there is no salvation ; in Heaven, or at least as far as in us lies shall be no safe living for you on Earth ; Could we for so many repeated good offices expect less than that you should once more offer your Eare to be bor'd by his holyness ; let us domineer over you at pleasure, as well in Civil as Ecclesiastick affairs, and out of your own good natur'd Zeal offer us a Restitution of all our Abby-Lands, so long Sacrilegiously With-held ; Sacrilegiously we say, for so every thing must and shall be called and esteemed that makes against our interest as long as we have the Right (derived whether from St. Peter or our own Usurpation it matters not) to determine all things in ordine ad Spiritualia, a hook large enough to be sure to draw what we please under our sole propper Jurisdiction, Independent to any Municipal Laws, or the controlement of secular Majesty, which we have long since vot-ed to be only slaves to our supream Ghostly Fathers un-erring dictates ; for the Re-establishment of whose do-minion amongst you, we have used such unwearied in-dustry that we cannot behold our indeavours frustrated, and our selves Banish'd without a passionate Resentment, too strong to be express'd in Prose, which makes us thus vent our grief in a Poetical Rapture of Indignation.

After

After such care and pains, are all our Tricks
 Prov'd but Achitophells vain Politicks,
 Has Jesuites Powder lost its force, no Spell
 Or Charm yet left against this Israel?
 Loaded with Vows and Blessings from the Schools
 Did we Cross Seas to be to h' Knaves and Fools?
 Have we not try'd a thousand ways to serue
 Our looser Doctrines on the sensual Crew.
 Prov'd Whoredomes Venial, shew'd Indulgences,
 And how in Purgatory to get ease.
 Tempted the poor and covitous with Gold,
 And oft-times Heaven full cheap at Newgate Sold;
 Compl'd with Faction, allow'd every Sin
 To stir Catholick cause more slightly In.
 Our sacred Reliques, Curious Images,
 Rich Crucifixes, guilded Breviaries,
 Our Tapers, Altars, Incense, rare Perfumes,
 Our glistening Copes, Vestures like Peacocks Plumes
 We fluttering spread at large to Vulgar Eyes,
 And hop'd such Pomp would soon their Hearts surprize;
 Whilst to the superstitious we tell
 The Monstruous piety of a Monkish Cell;
 How true Religion flourisht once at Rome,
 What Throngs of Martyrs there receiv'd their doom;
 Though well we knew, we all the time but boast
 An empty Casket, for the Jewel's lost;
 And that in vain one there seeks Truth, although
 She might be there some Thousand years ago:
 Through secret Pipes we Tiburs Brackish streams
 Thought to have mixt with Water of the Thames,
 Had practis'g th' old Serpents Craft agen

Wheedled

Wheedled the Ladies, to draw in the Men ;
 Scatter'd our Pamphlets, Fiat Lux sent down
 With Rushworth's Dialogues to every Town ;
 Confessions of our Faith, abroad dispence,
 That Guild our Doctrines with a varnish't scree,
 Presenting Popery without its sting
 And made it shew a pretty Toolbless thing ;
 And must such Pains be lost, and holy Church
 Left now at last thus stranly in the Lurch ;
 Behold ! a sudden Thunder Clap is come
 That frigh's our Conclave, and amazes Room ;
 Our Cardinalls (whose Scarlet Vestments be
 True Emblems of their Sanguin Cruelty)
 At this turn pale, our J-fuits shake their heads ;
 And Capuchins may burn their useles Beads ;
 Oh ! the sweet Bits we fancy'd but ere while
 To have receiv'd from this Converted Isle,
 But now like wandering Jews we must pack hence
 Without refreshing sumes of Peter pence ;
 With drooping Locks, sad Emblems of our loss,
 Our crosses we bear home with weeping Cross,
 Whilst in each Town we pass the joyful Crowd,
 Do bless God, and his Majesty alond
 For our just Banishment, and take their Leaves
 In some Heretical adiues like these ;
 Be gon you Locusts ! and infect no more
 With your Soul-poisoning arts our Brittish shore.

This this, alas ! is all the entertainment we find or can
 expect, and therefore lets bend to fate, and suffer those
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disasters we cannot avoid with a Roman Fortitude, let's cross the Seas, but to return better instructed in all the arts of Insinuation and Mischief than before, and let us persuade all you our Brethren, in holy orders, to afford us your Company, least staying behind, you should succeed Father Garnet in a Tyburnian Martyrdome ; quit your hands of the unprofitable Heretics, and away with us to Rome, where his Holyness this very year Celebrates his grand Market of a Jubilee, there we may buy dog Cheap excellent Reliques worth no body knowes what, Holy Bones, and Holy stones, Holy wood and Holy blood, with sacred Tooth-pickers and Consecrated Tobacco-stoppers, there we shall have (provided we bring but a Competent sum of ready coal) pardons for all sins past, and Dispensations for as many as our selves or any of our friends list to commit for the future.

And therefore before we part, let us be diligent to give notice to all our Lay-Children (especially such as have good Estates) what advantages may be had, if they will but be so discreet as to extract a benefit from a mischief, and Nick this Happy unhappy opportunity.

Gentlemen, if you will but down with your dust before we go, and make us your Factors, we dare promise you Lumping Penny-worths for your mony, in the meantime be stedfast in our absence in your Religion, Remember your Honour is concerned, you were Bred up Catholicks, have made profession of it, and your Grandmothers were so before you, that is reason enough for any Gentleman resolutely to continue in it, 'tis no matter what Scripture or reason say against it, the first is but a dead letter

letter, needing a Living Interpreter, who can be no other but the Pope ; 'tis also the Forge of all Heresies, and wrong Translated, full of Mysteries, and you can neither understand them nor ought to trouble your heads about them ; as for reason, that's profane, makes People Atheists, and must stoop to the most Palpable absurdities obtreded under the notion of Faith ; for all the Apostle calls Religion a reasonable Service, advises Christians to search the Scriptures, try Spirits, Examin themselves, &c. all that is nothing, do you but remember your Church is infallible, believe as she believes, though you do not know what that is, and you are safe, no storms can drive you from such an Anchorage, yet as you know we have been allways kind in such Cases, we will not tye you up too strictly now, if you will but continue good Catholiques in your hearts, we will dispence with out-ward Compliances, you may Conceal or dissemble your Religion as you see occasion, and take never so many oaths or protestations of Renouncing it, provided you do it with a Pious Resolution, Certainly to break them, and we will very shortly be back again with full power to absolve you.

Farewell

FINIS.

